A

CONCISE ABSCEDARY,

OR

SELECT NUMBER OF POEMS

ON

GENERAL SUBJECTS,

Alphabetically Arrang'd.

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TO WHICH ARE ANNEX'D,

Other Miſcellaneous ORIGINALS;

by the Rev: GEO: WEALE. A: B.

Curate of *HATTON.*

MDCCLXXVIII.

280. i. 252

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THE

PREFACE.

A PUBLICATION, whether voluminous, or constrain'd within the concise Limits of a Pamphlet, appears equally incomplete without the Addition of a Preface; Addition I say; For though 'tis generally applied as an Introduction to a Work, yet tis commonly the last Thing wrote by the Author. The Reason is obvious; For as it is us'd, as a general Explanation of the Author's Sentiments, as well as *often times* of the Merits of his Composition, so it must necessarily be the last part wrote; For no Man could ever yet conjecture the Extent, or Abilities of his Genius, whether poetical, or otherwise, 'till he had given it the Trial, and completed his Design, the Revisal of the same being the only Method from which a just Judgement can be acquis'd. Notwithstanding the many Reasons to prove it must ne-

 cessarily

ceſſarily be the laſt Thing wrote, yet are there Reaſons equally abundant, to evince the juſtifiable Neceſſity of its being prefix'd, inſtead of affix'd, and to ſhew that a Publication is abſolutely incomplete without it. A literary Compoſition without a Preface, may be compar'd to a very delicate Beau equip'd in all the profuſe Gaity of Attire, a Surtout only omitted; who, thus negligent of the occaſional Garb, launches forth to receive the Salubrity of the Air, or to diſplay to worldly Admiration his luxuriant Finery, and is ſuddenly ſurrounded by a Thunder Storm, when ſituate on a Plain void of Shrub, or Shelter: Thus, the Grandure of his Plumes, and the delicate Symmetry of his Perſon, are at once ſubjected, as Victims to the Inclemency of the Storm, when entirely unprovided with the leaſt Articles of Defence. Similar Circumſtances (Metaphorically ſpeaking) are ever impending a Volume without a Preface; Whereas the Advantages ariſing from one may *at leaſt* be call'd numerous, and ſtill be greatly extended by the Abilities of the Author, as his Purpoſe may require. The Word Preface enjoins no particular Mode, or Matter to be contain'd therein: It not only often ſerves to apologize for Incapacity, Error, or the like, ſhielding (as it were) the ſame from the poignant Stigmas of Criticiſm; But frequently conveys to the Reader an Idea of the Subſequent Pages, and, (leſt thro' Levity he neglects them) rouſes his Attention, and directs it more particularly to the moſt beautiful Paſſages. It alſo ſerves to explain the Author's Motive for Compoſing

poſing, as well as publiſhing his Work. Such is the general Utility of a Preface, but *here* it is prefix'd for other Purpoſes. It is not meant, merely as an apologizing Requeſt for Candour, and Partiality, nor yet intended to exhibit the diſguſting Idea of pragmatical Arrogance; But to acknowlege the Honour conferr'd upon the Author by the Subſcribers, and to expreſs his ſincere Wiſh, that they may find Entertainment adequate to their Expectations; a Circumſtance (he fears) too great to ſucceed in.

The following little *Abſcedary* was wrote wholly, during the Summer Seaſon, merely by way of Expletive for leiſure Hours; (*"Nulla Dies ſine Linea"*) conſequently ſome Incorrectneſs may be anticipated, and when perceiv'd by *one Party*, it is hop'd will be diſpens'd with, as well as *to the other*, prove a Matter of Delight. Though the Copy was preſented to the Printer *gratis*, and the Patron of it has entirely diveſted himſelf of ev'ry pecuniary View *thence* ariſing; Yet he ſo far acknowleges himſelf intereſted, in regard to his Anxiety for its Succeſs, in meeting with Approbation, and giving ſatisfactory Pleaſure to every Worthy Subſcriber, that he is truly ſincere in declaring his own Happineſs will thereby derive the greateſt Addition.

P R E F A C E.

THE

Muſes Complaint of the Want

OF A

DEDICATION.

NO Dedication? What! not find one Friend
To thank, or flatter, or his Worth commend,
Whoſe Rank, or Fortune might a Sanction give,
And cauſe thy Book in ſome Eſteem to live?

Haſt

Haſt thou, I ſay, no Dupe to fawning Praiſe,
To beg his Dignity t' adorn thy Lays?
If not — curs'd is the Fate of all thy Toil,
Stern Cenſure's Shaft will thy Ambition foil,
And blaſt thy Scribling, as a Scrole indeed,
Whoſe Dullneſs does all Dullneſs *elſe* exceed.
Each titt'ring Fop will liſp thy ſtupid Strain,
And cry, "O wretched's thy lethargic Brain!"
In mimick Scorn will ſhake his vacant Head,
And vow he reads thro' Pity — Who perhaps can't read.
Others, inflam'd by Envy's venom'd Sting,
Will deign to criticiſe, and Stigmas bring
Innum'rable! "This Thought's exceeding low,
"That Word's far fetch'd, his little Wit to ſhow,
"And little 'tis, of low contemptuous Stile,
"O horrid! Stupid! Vile! of all moſt vile!"

Such

Such galling Epithets you'll daily find,
As Merit's Foes, with utmoſt Spleen combin'd;
Unleſs ſome pop'lar Name the Volume guards,
Or recommends, the World the Work diſcards.
Through Envy ſome, thro' Malice others fall,
For *one* excelling, *many* makes ſeem ſmall;
And thus it is, whilſt vain Ambition ſways,
And Men are jealous of the publick Praiſe,
No rival their Congratulation meets,
No foil'd Competitor with Friendſhip greets,
But reads thro' Pique, reſolv'd but faults to find,
And vents his Spleen by blabbing t' all Mankind.
If you want Merit, ſearch for 't far, and wide,
For Home-bred Genius Men can ne'er abide,
Leſt Wealth, or Pow'r, or Station claims the Debt,
And even *then* 'tis paid with ſome Regret.

His

His Birth unknown, the vagrant Worldling thrives
In diſtant Climes, tho' wretched Weakneſs drives
Him far from Home, where long in vain he ſtrove
To gain Reſpect, or win one Perſon's Love.
Novelty's prais'd, where Merit's oft' oppreſs'd,
Strange Fools extol'd, and e'en their Crimes careſs'd.
So prone Mankind freſh Objects to admire,
New Baubles pleaſe, where conſtant Beauties tire.
The greateſt Virtues when familiar grown
Are little thought of, and of ſmall Renown.
Strangers have Charms, (tho ſtrange each Charm appears)
To gain Reſpect; Tho' Folly's Garb *he* wears,
And rank Hypocriſy is ever ſeen
To feign *his* Virtues, and *his* Vices ſkreen,
Yet may th' *Alien* both Friends, and Fortune gain,
And honeſt home-bred Worth unheard complain;
Nay 'twill be ſo; For ſo *the Great* ordain!

But

But ceaſe my Muſe, refrain Complaint awhile,
Perhaps *ſome* native Friends may deign to ſmile,
And prove *exceptious* to the gen'ral Plan;
Be ſuch *my* Lot! I crave no more from Man. —

A Conciſe Abſcedary, &c.

Avarice.

WHEN niggard Av'rice once infeſts the ſoul,
Her venal thirſt admits of no controul;
From morn 'till noon, from noon 'till dawn of day,
For gain ſhe craves, and toils for ſtill more prey.
The wretch, who ſtoops to court this treach'rous dame,
By wealth is foil'd, and weds eternal ſhame.

'Midſt ſtore profuſe the ſordid Miſer ſits,
Though faint for want, to feed he ſcarce ſubmits;
With anxious eyes he views his hoarded pelf,
Yet dares not ſtretch his hand to bleſs himſelf.
To raiſe his heap, he takes inceſſant care,
And e'en to rob his God, he wou'd not ſpare,
Was Gold the prize; For Gold's his only aim,
The ſweets of life, his taſte can never claim.
His meagre jaws ſcarce mumble once a week;
Grim mis'ry wrinkles in his ghaſtly cheek;
With ſcanty ſpoon he wets his wither'd lips,
And ſighs with terror, as he ſadly ſips.
Old napleſs rags, that fall beneath the mop,
The ſcum, and ſweepings of a taylor's ſhop,
With various dyes adorn his tatter'd coat;
A dreſs he dare not wear, worth half a groat.

His canvas-ſhreds, which hang inſtead of ſhirt,
Of ſaxon-hue, ſtiff ſtarch'd with twelve month's dirt,
In pendant ſtreamers round his carcaſe play,
To fan the crude infectious ſtench away.
Within encarcas'd roam the reptile train,
* Which look like ſilver-lace, when not quite clean;
From head to foot diſpers'd, the motley breed
In freedom crawl, on human filth to feed,
Till propagation quite o'er-ſtocks their ſtore,
And *him* they're forc'd to gnaw,— 'till *he's* no more!
Thus waſtes the Wretch, without one piteous tear,
Whoſe days were torture, and whoſe nights were fear.
Mem'ry diſdains to tell, that e're he breath'd;
— By Vermin gorg'd — In dark Oblivion ſheath'd.—

* It is hop'd, that where a real Character is copied, exactneſs of deſcription will amply apologize for the Indelicacy of Expreſſion.

A Thirſt for Gain
Is Thirſt in vain,
For ſtill 'twould crave for more;
Though fate redreſsd
The want expreſs'd,
And gave moſt ample ſtore.

Beauty.

BEAUTY's but a frail and inconſtant ſhade,
Of no real ſubſtance, or duration made;
Nor place, nor object can her ſtay ſecure,
Nor coaxing bribe her pleaſing form procure.
Where e'er ſhe deigns to ſhew her antick ſhape,
'Tis but t' attract, then make a ſly eſcape.
Through Nature's field ſhe wings her airy flight,
And where ſhe's pleas'd, diſplays her lovely might;
Sometimes on Man, but Woman's moſt her care,
The tender Sex, her favours oft'neſt ſhare.
Sometimes 'mongſt Brutes we ſee her ſlyly peep,
Sometimes in Flow'rs ſhe takes delight to ſleep,

And riſe to hail the bluſhing dawn of day,
Or baſk beneath the ſun's enliv'ning ray.
Again we trace her 'midſt the feather'd train,
Whoſe plumes ſhe ting'd with many a lovely ſtain;
But, as Swallows to proper climates ſhift,
Her time ſhe ſtays, then flies away as ſwift,
The ſeaſon ſpent, no longer ſtay ſhe makes,
But quits her manſion, and the clime forſakes.

Fair Beauty's flow'r
Diſplays its pow'r,
While youth, and health unite;
But envious fate
Or ſoon, or late,
The lovely bloom will blight.

Conſcience.

BY various motives all Mankind are ſway'd,
In diff'rent lights their principles diſplay'd;
To Pleaſure ſome, to Intereſt others bend,
And few we find, to nobler thoughts pretend,
Or bare pretence alone is what they make,
For rare are thoſe who're rul'd by *Conſcience-ſake.*
The genial glow of friendſhip's ſeldom found,
Left fortune ſmiles, when friends like mites abound;
Change but the ſcene, Poverty place in ſtead,
Like bees in winter, each conceals his head.
Conſcience, the great approver of the Mind,
Is ſeldom known 'till life's beſt half 's declin'd;

Though Men without *it*, their better moments waſte,
Tis *it* alone can give joy's pureſt taſte.
Fluſh'd with deſire, the ſons of riot live,
And open ſcope to each debauch'ry give,
Roam uncontroul'd throughout the field of vice,
And think they're roving in a Paradiſe,
While Years revolve, 'till Fate unwelcome comes,
And bring the ſummons to their dreary homes.
Aw'd by ſurprize, each dreads paſt life to view,
And feels, too late! he can't begin anew.
Conſcience upbraids, Deſpair dejects the ſoul,
The ſad reſource is *now* the flatt'ring bowl,
Which laſts awhile, yet laſts but to deceive,
'Till deſp'rate horror th' horrid turn relieve.
Convuls'd with torture, earth reſembling hell,
The Rake *now* ſtrives with lab'ring lips to tell

The feats he's done, and all his vicious deeds;
His heart relenting, *now* thro' *Conſcience* bleeds,
While hiccups, ſtruggles, fatal graſps conſpire
His ſenſe to blunt, and quench Life's glim'ring fire,
And thus *he* dies! Thus falls the Wretch who trod
The paths of vice, and made his luſt his God.
Not leſs *their* crime, tho' leſs *their* guilt may ſeem,
Who pine 'midſt Wealth, and Gold *their* Idol deem;
Such gifts by nature were as bleſſings ſent,
T' excite benevolence their true intent,
And not ſelf miſ'ry to create in Man;
To heal diſtreſs was ſure the Donor's plan.
How wretched then, and vile that *Wretch* muſt be,
Who ſpurns the contract, yet accepts the fee!
Whoſe ſneaking ſoul exiſts (as 'twere) by ſtealth,
Whoſe days are ſpent in ſighing o'er his Wealth,

Whoſe frozen heart Compaſſion ne'er cou'd wound,
Whoſe ear e'er deafen'd at poor pity's ſound.
Through age infirm, at length *his* health decays,
His fav'rite *God* his *Conſcience now* betrays.
An earneſt le'er *he* caſts o'er all his gains,
And cloſer claſps, as Fate inflicts freſh pains,
Thinking each moment will produce his end,
Jealous leſt others ſhou'd *his Hoard* expend.
The God he worſhip'd, *now he's* forc'd to rue,
The ſtings of *Conſcience* now his ſoul ſubdue;
With queries pregnant *ſhe* aſſails his mind,
Her queries pungent, and *her* voice unkind.
"Whom haſt *thou* plunder'd, but for plund'ring-ſake,
"How much haſt ta'en, which Man ſhou'd ſcorn to take
"From thoſe who rather meritted relief,
"Whoſe wrongs await *thee*,— O thou ſource of grief!

"Now

"Now ply thy Wealth, and uſe thy utmoſt might,
"The bribe's in vain, thy Day will ſoon be Night!
"Nor canſt *thou* take a ſingle Farthing hence,
"Thy doom t'appeaſe, or plead thy poor defence."
Stunn'd with remorſe *he* dozes deep in thought,
And *now* diſcerns his Gold too dearly bought!
Intreats for reſpite to reform his plan,
'Till Death impatient checks the flatt'ring ſpan,
And Life contracts! Thus unreform'd *he* falls,
Like numbers trifl'ing 'till their *Conſcience* calls,
But calls too late! — Life's gradual glaſs far ſpent,
To Sin unable, Men their crimes repent.
Futile the Scheme, 'till lateſt hours be drive
A taſk ſo urgent ev'ry day we live,
Which greater grows the longer 'tis defer'd,
And moſt attention claims, when leaſt rever'd;

But ſuch is the frailty, too gen'ral known,
Men ſcorn to think 'till hoary hairs are grown,
Or Senſes fade, or fickle health decays,
When age obliterates their better days.
No danger ſeen, no apprehenſion wounds,
So long as health, and active ſtrength abounds.
While vital ſpirits all in order flow,
And Man's enliven'd by the genial glow,
The Paſſions bloſſom, Reaſon does but bud,
And diff'rence ſcarce is known 'twixt bad, and good;
But Time progreſſive brings the ſerious change,
When Reaſon blooms, and Folly's blight ſeems ſtrange,
When ſtern Reflection ſtarts by *Conſcience* call'd,
And Vice, at ſelf Conviction, ſtands appall'd!
"Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,"
How ſure the change! how near the gloomy cloud!

Did *Conſcience* rule, were Reaſon's dictates heard,
Was Godlike Truth by all Mankind rever'd,
No griefs cou'd ſting, no dire misfortunes preſs,
But Life wou'd ever be a round of Happineſs.—

Thrice happy *he*
Whoſe feeling ſoul
Takes *Conſcience* for its conſtant guide;
Whatever Inclinations riſe,
'Twill check the *bad*, the *good* adviſe,
And make *him* thro' Life, happy glide.

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Courage.

NO conflict wearies with perpetual toils,
No dire diſtreſs the reſolution foils,
No doom we dread, or fear fantaſtick find,
Nor danger ſee, when Courage ſways the mind.
While well fix'd hope's ſuſtain'd by ſure ſucceſs,
Undaunted preſence ſtill will forward preſs.
Proud proweſs deigns alone her hand to move,
When Men for conqueſt moſt courageous prove.
With triumph big, with thoughts of vict'ry fir'd,
Each ſtrenuous nerve with double ſtrength's inſpir'd;
No taſk's too hard, no ſudden ſhock diſmays
A firm reſolve the dauntleſs ſoul diſplays.

The more grim horror ſpreads her baneful train,
The more chear'd Courage ſmiles with proud diſdain;
E'en Death *himſelf* is rob'd of all his ſtings,
His dread approach no diſmal terror brings.
True Courage never ſhrinks at mortal fate,
Though taught by virtue, owns a future ſtate,
Where human pow'rs, however ſpecious dreſt,
Howe'er with proweſs, or with prudence bleſt,
Muſt yield to *him* in whom Perfection lies,
With whoſe high throne no worldly empire vies;
From whoſe great hand aroſe this maſſy Sphere,
Where Man has pow'r to move, but muſt his God revere.

Nor dread, nor fear
Dare t'appear,
Where Courage keeps the watch;

E'en

E'en danger's self is forc'd to yield,
Whene'er ſtern Courage takes the field;
With Death *himſelf* he'd match.—

Deſpair.

THE mind that toils with dull Deſpair
No pleaſure finds, ſees nothing fair.
Dark gloomy proſpects cloud the ſight,
And give each budding hope a blight.
Continual error damps each thought,
And brings the beſt of ſchemes to naught.
A ſullen terror haunts the ſoul;
Vexation reigns without controul;
Relief is courted all in vain,
Her balm's no cure for ſuch a pain.
'Twixt hope, and fear the mind is toſt,
In wild confuſion ever laſt;

And thus myſterious paſs our days,
When dull deſpair directs our ways.
The ſweets of Joy are ſeldom found,
Where ſuch perplexities abound.
Should Pleaſure hold her balmy hand,
And proffer ſervice, at command,
Deſpair, acceptance dreads to make,
Leſt *ſhe* meet *her Fiend, Miſtake;*
And thus *ſhe* cries,—"Your offer's kind,
"But diſappointment lurks behind;
"Your meaning's but to try my ſenſe,
"And then beguile me with pretence,
"But know, fair Dame! thy Wiles I ſee,
"Deluſion ne'er ſhall ſport with me.
"Hence Deceiver!—Your hand I ſpurn,
"In doubt I'll ſtill remain to burn.—

Deſpair's

Deſpair's e'er dull

With trouble full,

On diſmal thought ſhe feeds;

She never ſleeps,

But ever weeps,

She pines! ſhe droops! ſhe bleeds!—

Envy.

ENVY, thou ſordid peſt of Life!
Whoſe ſole delight conſiſts in ſtrife;
Whoſe hateful pride exults alone,
In cens'ring thoſe, by Fate undone;
Whoſe fuming paſſion burſts in flame,
To hear the ſound of proſp'rous fame;
Whoſe jealous ſpite at once is rais'd,
Whenever merit's juſtly prais'd;
Thy preying canker ruſts with gall;
Thy tortur'd malace thrives in thrall.
From thee e'er ſprings the worſt of woe,
Thy Friendſhip's but a ſecret Foe.

Thy reſtleſs thorn ne'er fails to prick,
Thy fretful foot will ever kick;
Thy ſubtle venom ever flows;
Thy feſtring heart with poiſon glows;
Thy craving ſoul no quiet knows.

Where Envy reigns,
Sweet Peace diſdains
To ſet *her* hallow'd Feet;
Peace yields Relief,
Stern Envy, Grief,
Such contraſts ſeldom meet. —

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Flattery.

SMOOTH as the ſurface of a gentle ſtream,
Whoſe gliding waters ſcarce in motion ſeem,
While ſoftly flowing o'er the ſilent deep,
Repos'd they ſeem, yet ſlyly ſtill they creep,
So Flatt'ry moves; Whoſe fair deluding ſpeech
Steals on the heart, and clings to't like a leech.
As ſattin ſleek, her guileful dreſs appears,
But cloſely view'd, a paltry nap it bears;
Yet not ſo plain, that ev'ry eye can ſee,
Whoe'er diſcerns muſt well attentive be.
It caſts a glare, that moſt Men's ſight confounds,
While ſeen moſt fair, with filth it moſt abounds.

Beneath

Beneath her dreſs is cloak'd a poiſon'd dart,
When ſeaſon ſuits, to ſtab th' unwary heart,
To fix effectual *there* its venom'd point,
Then proffer aid, but ſtill with guile anoint,
'Till ev'ry vital from its fountain's drawn,
Flatt'ry *then* turns to frown's and ſcorns e'er more to fawn.

He muſt be vain,
Who e'er will deign
To liſt 'to Flatt'ry's praiſe;
Her artful Tongue,
In ſoothing ſong,
Deludes, and then betrays.

* * *
* *
*

Grief.

WHEN gloomy trouble loads the lab'ring breaſt,
And ev'ry thought with black misfortune's preſt,
When loſs, or care, or diſappointment ſours,
Or ſad ſuſpenſe the ſinking ſoul o'erpow'rs,
The fuming compound ſoon with rage ferments,
And all its force, in furious flames it vents,
'Till feeling falt'ring ſlacks the ſluice of Grief,
And ſhow'rs down ſtreams of tears to give relief.
While from the ſullied lids the torrent falls,
The ebbing heart diſſolves its grievous thralls,
And o'er the brim a breeze of comfort blows,
Which clears the ſcum of care, and thought o'erthrows.

Thus

Thus ev'ry gloom the eyes ſoft tides diſperſe,
And rude vexation in their floods immenſe.
A tranquil calm the lighten'd Boſom feels,
And balmy Peace the ſting of Trouble heals.

The tears of Grief
Afford relief,
And eaſe th'afflicted Heart;
But ſecret Woe,
The worſt of foe,
E'er gives a double ſmart. —

Happineſs.

HAPPINESS, the prize which all Mankind purſue,
Is only found. where fair Contentment's true;
Whoſe lovely ſiſters, *Eaſe*, and *Peace* unite
To glad the ſoul with ev'ry bleſt delight.
Through various tracks Men ſeek to find this prize,
But few ſucceed, too few are found ſo wiſe.
Some think *it* lurks within the Miſer's ſtore,
And vainly ſtrive t' acquire the golden ore,
Which, as it grows in bulk, encreaſes care,
And trial proves *it* muſt exiſt elſewhere.
Some with ambition fir'd for honour toil,
And think 'midſt trophies ſure to find the ſpoil;

But

But vague their thoughts, their progreſs all in vain,
Proud titles ne'er true Happineſs contain.
Some take delight in fancy's wild to ſtray,
To loll in luxury, and wanton play,
Or fondly baſk, repos'd by lulling vice,
And think, *this Bliſs* they gain, by ſuch device;
But wild their ſcheme, for ſoon the proſpect fades,
E'en Joy exceſſive, ſoon frail fancy jades.
Others o'erwhelm'd with poverty or pain,
With ardour wiſh the glorious prize t'obtain,
And daily ſtrive t'invoke the pow'rs above,
But pray'rs, and wiſhes oft' abortive prove.
He, *then* alone, is ſkill'd this Gem to find,
Whoſe "paths are peace," whoſe ſoul no tortures bind;
Whoſe gen'rous heart by fair Contentment's ſway'd,
By no vain wiſh, or ſordid care diſmay'd;

Himſelf at eaſe, his life by all careſs'd,
He lives a King, his throne is truly bleſs'd.

The mind that's bent,
On true Content,
Nor care, nor ſorrow knows;
Each tranſient day
Glides ſweet away,
And Happineſs beſtows.—

Ingratitude.

IN vain are laws ordain'd thoſe Men to guide,
Whoſe frozen breaſts reject all ties beſide.
Where gen'rous Gratitude no pow'r can claim,
The penal law is but a mere nick-name,
Unleſs with ſtricteſt rigour put in force,
And rules by dread; E'en *then* 'tis with remorſe.
When partial Feeling plys her utmoſt art
To yield relief, and heal the painful heart;
When candid Kindneſs ſeeks each hour to pleaſe,
To ſoften care, and ev'ry joy encreaſe;
Or freely holds her noble bounteous hand,
And gives where e'er ſhe ſees Diſtreſs demand;

When

When ſuch like virtuous deeds are done in vain,
And ev'ry effort meets with cool diſdain;
What law can bind? What reas'ning dictate move
The heart that thus contemns the ſprings of love?
Th' *Athenian Statute* thus did well decree,
"Ungrateful Men from office ſhou'd keep free;"
For well *they* knew, where this vile Crime cou'd ſway,
Nor truth, nor juſtice wou'd the wretch obey;
But honour, feeling, ſenſe, muſt all give way.

Of all the crimes,
In earlieſt times,
Juſt Men thought none more rude;
Than baſe neglect
To pay reſpect,
When owed by Gratitude. —

Jealouſy.

'TIS ſtrange, a vice ſhou'd from a virtue ſpring,
And wound the heart with ſuch a pow'rful ſting;
But oft' 'tis ſeen, where fond Affection reigns,
Suſpicion cauſes many poignant pains,
Though cauſeleſs rais'd; For Love, howe'er ſincere,
Hath Pow'r to teaſe, as well as to endear.
For Seeds of Jealouſy, Love's th' only ſoil,
Though thinly ſown, 'twill yield abundant ſpoil:
Its fertile mould ſpontaneous often grows,
And various plants the ſurface e'er beſtows,
Which care, and culture, diff'rent ways improve,
To bring forth Pain, or yield the ſweets of Love;

For Love's enrich'd, *where* Jealouſy is ſown,
And lucid virtue has the land o'er flown:
There, fair Innocence ev'ry toil repays,
Unfurls her leaves, and all her bloom diſplays:
Jealouſy *there* is ſap'd of ev'ry juice,
Inclines its head, and ever keeps recluſe.
The ſoil no more omits ſuch baneful *weeds*,
When well clear'd *Innocence* in proſp'rous growth ſucceeds.

The warmeſt Love
May hurtful prove,
When Jealous thoughts prevail;
But virtue pure,
Is certain Cure
Its proof can never fail. —

Knowledge.

KNOWLEDGE *thou* Cryſtal of the human mind,
Whoſe brilliant beams a way through darkneſs find;
By *thy* bright aid myſterious doubt's diſpel'd,
And puzzling fiction e'er by truth excel'd;
By *thy* clear light fair ſatisfaction roſe
Dull care to drive, and all vain fear compoſe.
Yet much Intreaty doth *thy* pride deſire,
E'er prying Man thy favours can acquire,
Which, when he's gain'd, will no duration make,
Unleſs, unwearied pains he'll conſtant take,
And daily worſhip at *thy* haughty ſhrine,
And ev'ry ſlothful pleaſure thence decline.

The greateſt taſk, thou'ſt ſet for Man to do,
Is well to ſearch, and learn *himſelf* to know.
Long may he toil, the Secret e'er he find,
For ſelf-will'd Flatt'ry e'er deceives his mind;
A pleaſing glare, o'er all his faults *ſhe* caſts,
With falſe perſwaſion ev'ry effort blaſts;
As oft' as ſelf Conviction e'er aſſails,
Deluſive Flatt'ry ſmiles, and ſoon prevails.
Thus Man continues lab'ring long in vain,
And finds ſelf Knowledge, far the worſt t' obtain;
But when obtain'd, through Life 'twill e'er endure,
Nor can the clouds of Fate *its* Beams obſcure.
Who knows himſelf, muſt truly happy be,
His Soul, and Actions ne'er can diſagree;
Other Knowledge, is but mere mental Wit,
A Rock where ſome may ſtand; Perhaps too many ſplit.

Man's

Man.

FROM Love, the ruling paſſion of the mind,
We trace conception, next our Birth we find.
Infancy. Weak and defenceleſs in the world we fall,
With hands unfit to hold, or feet to crawl;
With eyes that ſee not where diſtinction lies,
But conſtant miſle with unmeaning cries;
With noſe inſenſible of any ſmell,
With tongue untaught to taſte, or trouble tell;
With mouth that little knows, but how to gape,
And yet all perfect, as to human ſhape;
With features fair, reſembling *thoſe* we own,
And call our Parents, when maturely grown,

And yet no meaning's in thoſe features found,
Or grief diſcover'd in the mournful ſound.
Thoughts, wants, or wiſhes, all in miſt'ry blend,
And parents puzzle, where their aid to lend.
What *now*, through love, *they* do, may hurtful prove,
And vex next moment, though 'twas done thro' love.
Fickle as the wind, is our infant breath,
A doubtful point that waves 'twixt life and death;
The leaſt attraction draws the tender tie,
What ſeem'd to live, perhaps *now* ſeems to die.
Thus precarious on this life's maze we tread,
Unſkil'd with foreſight, where our ſteps may lead;
No danger's dreamt of, but what's preſent ſeen,
Nor tempeſt dreaded, while the ſky's ſerene.
Youth. From year to year we live unfraught with care,
'Till Reaſon ripening, tells us what we are.

But

But Youth now growing into vigorous Bloom,
Spurns with contempt dull Reaſon's diſmal gloom;
Defiance fluſhes in each ſwelling vein,
And ev'ry precept meets with much diſdain.
Folly's ſhrill clangor *now* alone is heard,
And frantick Fancy moſt of all prefer'd.
Undaunted courage fires each ſparkling eye,
The ſtrenuous nerves, Subjection now defie.
Strength, and Activity aſſume their prime,
And this for Spirits is the fav'ring clime;
Man-hood. But ſhort its ſpan — Stern Manhood ſoon arrives,
And Reaſon, *now*, in daily conflict ſtrives
To rule the Will, and animate the ſoul,
To conquer luſt, and ſordid vice controul.
Care ſits Preſident on the wrinkling brow,
And ſly Projection plods beſt ſchemes to know;

Each riſing thought with all due caution's weigh'd,
And ev'ry plan with ſtricteſt truth diſplay'd.
No ſudden whim the flighty fancy moves,
Nor raſh endeavour *now* abortive proves;
Life's lab'rinth *now* with cloſe diſcernment's trod,
And now begins to dawn the thought of God.
Some years roll on, in this grave ſteady ſtate,
'Till Man begins to feel his lurking fate.
As Flow'rs, when ripe, ſoon wither to decay,
So Man, to Manhood grown droops day by day;
But ſhou'd dull Time a ſlow progreſſion make,
Yet Fate is ſure — He will not one forſake;
He frequent loiters long ſuſpenſe to give,
Yet none can bilk *him*, or his doom ſurvive.
Age. Thus, far advanc'd in years, we weaker grow,
And as we longer live, the leſs we know,

Ideas decay: Senſe and Feeling fade
Chill fits increaſe, and each faint limb invade.
The fall'n Cheek looſe laps in wreathing folds;
The pendant Jaw ſcarce feels by what it holds.
The dim ſunk Eyes emit their livid Rheum;
The mumbling Gums diffuſe a ſulſome Fume.
The falt'ring Tongue its meaning feebly ſpeaks,
And ſcarce has meaning, in the tone it ſqueaks.
The waſted Spine now warps the tott'ring Back,
Inclines the Neck, and leaves the Nerves all ſlack;
Head, Arms, Legs, Knees, all paralytic ſeem,
A ſecond Childhood *this* we juſtly deem.
Infirm, and helpleſs, as in infant-State,
Awhile we linger 'till the latter date;
Death. Till Fate, the meſſenger of gloomy Death,
Proclaims the period, and demands our breath.

Thus life's abſorb'd, and all its ſplendid toys,
The ſoul recall'd to taſte immortal joys;
The Frame diſpers'd in dark Oblivion's ſhade,
With Earth to blend, where no diſtinction's made:
Where tribes of Reptiles all promiſcuous roam,
And prey impartial in their native Home;
Where worldly Titles no reſpect can gain,
But all alike lie hid in Death's Domain;
Where Rich, and Poor each mould'ring maſs embrace,
Of pomp diveſted, and of ev'ry grace.
No ſullen murmurs *here* are heard to ſound,
Nor diſcontent in this dark manſion found;
Solemn Silence *here* has fix'd her throne,
Where Sun ne'er pierc'd, nor chearful Day e'er ſhone;
But Night eternal girts the dreary Zone.

The Life of Man

Is but a ſpan,

From Birth to diſmal Death;

Tho' ſlothful Time his doom protract,

The regal bills of Fate enact

A Period to his breath. —

An after Thought.

WHEN th'antemundane Father deign'd to form
Spheres ſublunary, and each axis fix'd,
Th'ingredient Life, he gave Earth's ductile Maſs,
To render motion to the ſluggiſh Ball.
Terreſtrial Action ſtill appear'd to ſtand,
While th'azure Firmament around revolv'd,
With all the pageant of cœleſtial Lights.
This drew th' attraction of th' Almighty eye,
Who, from Life's mould'ring atoms far diſpers'd,
And ſeeming quite obſcure, collected Man,
To *whom* he gave this grand Prerogative,
"To rule the Earth, and check the wand'ring Sun,"

Authority

Authority immenſe! — And to preſerve
The ſame inviolate, he gave him pow'r
To ſummons Reaſon, as his menial ſlave.
His form divine ſupports majeſtic ſway
O'er Beings inferior, and their Homage claims;
But ſtill he's ſubject to ſuperior pow'r,
"A Penſioner on the bounties of an Hour!"
Then let not man be vain, leſt th' hand that gave
Reſent, and reaſſume th' amuſive toy.
Earth's but the province of Mortality,
The ſeat of toil, and moral diſcipline,
Where the promiſcuous throng of good and bad
Expand their genius, and their taſte employ.
'Tis trial temporal for eternal change.
Life's chequer'd ſcene perpetual change diſplays,
With various ends for various tempers plan'd.

Some, from the folly of a choice perverſe,
Approach, and tramp the maze of Miſery.
Some addreſs Virtue, as their ſurer guide,
And ſearch for bliſs in fair Religion's field.
Others a choice diſclaim, and careleſs live,
"Bold yet conſcious; Defective yet divine."
Myſtery profound! — But ſhall Creatures form'd
Diſpute, or diſregard their ſource of Being?
Shall not th' hand of offended Deity,
With wrath triumphant check their vain career?
Vain, and preſumptive, is the thought reverſe.
The world's wide ſurface not ſo wide is found,
But ſtill 'tis finite; Yet can't Conception reach
The lurking period, or the doom of Man,
All ſweeping Time maintains continual watch,
And blinks each moment with a jealous eye,

To ſeize the victim, and refund the ſoul.
Man, like th' induſtrious Worm in ſilken cone,
Spins out his Life, and all his treaſure leaves;
Surviving heirs his acquiſitions take,
Nor grateful thank the Author of their prize.
Thus Life revolves, and the Grave's gloomy gulph
Impatient gapes to gorge the fatal wreck.
The World's th' extenſive Treaſury of gain,
Where Men depoſit, but can't *thence* transfer;
Here reſts the riches, and the gaudy train
Of laviſh Luxury, and pamper'd Pride;
Here finiſh the confines of human pow'r,
And th' entrance of eternal Life begins.
When Fate decrees, Death drops his ſable veil,
Man's made a ſpectre, and all his pow'rs fail.

Life's whole parade,

Mere trifling ſhade,

Dependant ev'ry day;

Like Meteor's Light,

When ſeen moſt bright,

Oft' vaniſhes away. —

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Nothing.

In Imitation of Rocheſter.—

NOTHING *thou* gen'ral end of this world's toys,
In *whom* concenter moſt of all our joys,
Thy ſov'reign pow'r the greateſt part of Time deſtroys.

At *thy* bleſt Shrine, devotion numbers pay,
And gladly yield to *thy* deſpotick ſway;
To *thee*, even Libertines moſt devoutly pray.

Thou rul'ſt the Tyrant's, and the Atheiſt's Heart,
Thy dread commands no human force can thwart,
From *thee*, *thy* humble captives ne'er have pow'r to part.

To *thy* great purpoſe, Promiſes are made,
The uſe of ſpeech for *thee's* become a trade,
Thy mighty Throne, proud Truth, tho' ſtrong, cou'd
[ne'er degrade.

The flatt'ring Sycophant's alluring tale
(Tho' fictious horror turn his viſage pale
At Falſehood's name) with *thee* keeps equal weight in
[ſcale.

The mean Dependant's mercenary ſmile,
His cringing compliment, and fawning ſtile,
Are all *thy* properties, howe'er their pow'rs beguile.

Whether with *Black* enrob'd, or yet with *Red*,
Compliment, and Flatt'ry alike are bred
From *thee* great Sire! But moſtly thrive by Int'reſt fed.

The

The Lawyer's honeſty, the Stateſman's vow,
The Miſer's charity, the Fopling's ſhow,
Fanatic Wit which feigns Events to know,
All take their riſe from *thee*, and into *thee* they grow.

From Nothing ſprings
The choiceſt things,
Yet many Nothing find;
Some Nothing prize,
Some Naught deſpiſe,
And many Nothing mind. —

Obſtinacy.

HE, whoſe *will* is obſtinate,
Will ne'er admit of Reaſon's prate;
Although intended for his good,
'Twill not by *him* be underſtood.
Perverſeneſs ſuits *his* taſte alone,
To nothing elſe his will is prone;
And right or wrong *he'll* have *his* way,
In ſpite of all kind Truth can ſay.
Compliance e'er is urg'd in vain,
And never fails contempt to gain;
Such weedling nonſenſe weakneſs ſhows,
His breaſt with nobler ſtoutneſs glows.

In vain does threat, or coaxing plead,
His mind will neither drive, nor lead;
The more *you* ſtrive *his* will to pleaſe,
His efforts more contend to teaſe.
What *he* approves, ſhou'd *you* commend,
He'd contradict his neareſt Friend,
And e'en *his* inclinations change,
But what *he* ſtill wou'd have *his* Range.
Though things ſucceed, and ſuit *his* Choice,
They ne'er can gain *his* fav'ring voice;
For whatſoever fate decrees,
With *his* perverſeneſs diſagrees;
Whether Bleſſing, or Affliction,
'Tis ſure t'excite *his* Contradiction.

The ſullen mind
Is e'er confin'd,
From ev'ry ſocial joy;
Its only care,
Is but t'impair
The ſweets which Life employ. —

Pride.

THE Man, whoſe breaſt is ſwoln with haughty Pride,
Frowns with contempt on all the world beſide;
Thinks perfection's ſeated in *himſelf*,
And ſpurns Mankind, as nature's vulgar pelf.
The thing's not form'd, that can *his* Greatneſs pleaſe,
But conſtant imperfections daily teaſe;
Himſelf alone *he* praiſes, and adores,
But all *things* elſe, their meanneſs *he* deplores.
His God forgot, *he* thinks *himſelf* ſupreme,
And never once reflects from whence *he* came;
Or that *he* muſt ſome deſtin'd hour return;
Such thoughts wou'd make *his* Indignation burn.

He thinks Exiſtence ſubject to *his* Will,
And as *he's* liv'd, preſumes *he* may live ſtill.
But ceaſe, vain Wretch! ſuch futile thoughts t' indulge,
Thy downfall will thy folly ſoon divulge.
Whate'er *thou* haſt, is but from Heaven lent,
Which if abus'd, thy crime will Heav'n reſent;
Thy boaſted Greatneſs can't thy fate controul,
For wrath divine will reprimand *thy* Soul.

The pomp of Pride
Juſt Men deride,
And ſpurn *her* fictious ſmile;
Such phantom joys
Are trifling toys,
Which none but Fools beguile. —

Quietneſs.

NO greater Bleſſing Man can feel,
Than that which balmy Quiet gives;
Through ev'ry turn of Fortune's wheel,
His drooping Spirits *it* relieves.
Come ſumptuous Wealth, or Meanneſs come,
His tranquil boſom ſeldom heaves;
No care invades *his* placid home,
Nor treach'rous hope *his* peace bereaves.
No fair enchanting Pleaſures gain
Th' attraction of *his* careleſs eye,
So far, as *his* deſires t' obtain,
Or fire *him* with Anxiety.

No ſullen Diſappointment foils,
Nor ſad Anticipation ſours;
No dread miſhap *his* thought imbroils,
Nor gloomy grief *his* ſoul o'erpow'rs.
Misfortunes loſe their poignant ſting,
Amazement fails to ſtrike with dread;
Afflictions no reluctance bring,
Nor gay Deluſions e'er miſlead,
Compoſure calmly rules by day,
Soft Conſolation cloaths *his* Sleep;
All *his* motives ſweet Peace diſplay,
Joys Angelick *his* vigils keep.

Where balmy Peace
Is found t' encreaſe,
Enjoyment e'er abounds;

True

True cordial bliſs

Is ſurely *his*,

Whom Quietneſs ſurrounds. —

Rage.

THE ſanguine guſt of Rage ſoon gains its height,
And lives impregnable, while Fury laſts;
When all its ſpleen with energy it vents,
'Till the elaſtick nerves, being much o'erſtrain'd,
Relax, and looſe Exertion's ſtrenuous hold;
Depreſſion *then* ſucceeds, and brings a Pauſe.
An awful Pauſe! Confuſion ſtill remains,
But lurks in ſilence, with amazement ſtunn'd.
A pallid hue the vengeful viſage veils,
And hungry Hate diſtends each trembl'ing eye,
'Till ſight grows dim, and ſenſe and feeling fail.
A dizzy ſtupor yields a ſhort repoſe,

'Till

'Till ſenſe revives; When candid Reaſon wakes,
And ev'ry thought to proper gage reſtores.
Rage, th' impetuous tempeſt of the ſoul,
Whoſe ire inexorable vents *its* Force
Where heedleſs Paſſion points, but ſhort exiſts.
As Clouds with fuming Æther full condens'd,
Drove by the giddy Whirlwind's rifling blaſts,
In rapid torrents ſoon their pow'r diſſolve,
So burſts the Soul, when pregnant with Revenge,
Or deep Diſtreſs; And from *her* baleful Lids
Emits Reſentment in the viſcid ſtream,
'Till ſoon *its* rending force *itſelf* conſumes,
And ſoft Compoſure yields a gentle Calm. ——

While Paſſion ſways,
No dread allays
The force of furious Rage;
But all *its* Spleen,
When grown moſt keen,
Itſelf will ſoon aſſwage. —

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Storm.

The following Lines were occaſion'd by that violent Storm, which happen'd *Sept:* 15th, 1775.

TH' Evening calm, the Sun dark clouds conceal,
And ſulph'rous gleams, a diſtant Storm reveal.
The Glaſs, bedew'd, the Walls ejecting ſweat;
The Smoke repell'd by damp condenſing heat;
The circulating Æther's ſick'ning pow'r
And hollow Breeze, portend th' impending Show'r,
An hour elaps'd, each Cloud confus'dly creeps,
The Winds appoſe, the darken'd Zenith weeps.

The wary Flocks for ſecret Shelter ſearch;
The timid Birds renew the vacant perch;
Fowl, Beaſt, and Inſects all for Refuge fly,
To ſhun the terrors of the troubled Sky.
Man, the ſole ſov'reign of this motley ball,
His Curſe anticipates, and dreads *his* Fall;
Feels Hope, Doubt, and Fear, throb through ev'ry vein,
And all *his* courage is abaſh'd by pain.
Alas! the Whirlwind with impetuous force
Drives on the Storm from *its* natural courſe.
See! through the Miſt the flak'd Combuſtion flaſh;
Hark! how th' Elements in confuſion claſh.
Rebounding Thunders vibrate far and near,
And vivid Light'nings pierce the trembling Sphere;
In ſwift ſucceſſion, Flaſh on Flaſh decends,
The roaring Peal the mundane Syſtem rends.

The Clouds, grown ſable with the Thunder's rage,
Their ſluices open o'er the pendent ſtage;
In rapid ſtreams *their* turgid globules drop,
The ſharp torrent of the fiery ſurge to ſtop;
Inceſſant Rain the burſting ſpout hurls down,
The Flaſh to quench, the wafted Shaft to drown.
Some hours elaps'd in this tempeſtuous Scene,
The Show'r at length draws off, and grows ſerene;
The Storm abates; *its* fury deigns to ceaſe;
The Light'ning's Shafts are ſpent; the Winds appeaſe;
The Clouds diſperſe. — A ſplendid Calm enſues;
A bliſsful Pauſe! And Man with wonder views
The chearful Sky, with Luminaries bright,
And all the Pageants of a tranquil night;
The lucid Moon, and all th' *inferior* Lights,
"The Plain cærulean" where no Cloud affrights.

Nature lies hush'd in moſt profound repoſe,
Nocturnal Silence yields a peaceful Cloſe;
'Till Phœbus riſing with the dawn of day,
Upbraids our ſlothful ſlumbers with delay,
And Man invites to *his* reſpective Toil,
To Works mechanick, or the furrow'd Soil;
Now then *he* finds ſcorch'd Elm, and rifted Oak,
Sheep, Cattle blaſted, Ricks emiting Smoak;
A ſever'd Tow'r, burnt Barns, and ſhatter'd Bays,
The diſmal Wreck th' admiring Soul diſmays.
But Man alone the rav'ning Tempeſt ſpar'd,
His Heart though baſe, *his* Soul was unprepar'd;
Propitious Heav'n diſdain'd ſuch prey to take,
Left Man to mend, and preparation make.
A future hour a certain Period brings,
When *all* muſt fall, from Slaves to ſcepter'd Kings;

When Pray'rs can't ſave, nor Pow'r reſiſtance ſhew,
For Fate's the Sword, and Death directs the Blow.

When Thunders roll
From Pole to Pole,
And livid Light'nings laſh the Spheres;
All Nature ſhrinks,
Her fate forethinks,
And trembl'ing, th' angry God reveres.

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Tyranny.

THROUGH daſtard fear, the Tyrant waves *his* hand,
And rules deſpotick with *unjuſt* Command;
His coward heart on Apprehenſion feeds,
To eaſe *his* care, *his* Empire conſtant bleeds.
With great Exertion, thus *his* ſway *he* bears,
And fond of Blood, imperioufly appears;
Thinking by Oppreſſion t' exalt *his* Throne,
And rule ſecure, by Cruelty alone.
Each link of Slav'ry ſwells *his* ſordid pride,
By *this he* thinks in Safety to preſide,
Without controul, with independent ſame,
In haughty Triumph which none dare diſclaim.

And *thus* the Wretch, with execrable hate,
Supports impregnable *his* curſed State,
And claims Obedience from *his* trembling Slaves,
Who *falſely* fawn, like ſly deſigning Knaves;
And curſe as oft' they bow, and inward pray
The help of Fate to ſnatch *his* Soul away.
Rebellion glows in ev'ry fervent breaſt,
In ſecret kindles at each proud requeſt,
And only waits th' auſpicious Moment's aid,
Which when arriv'd, ſo ſoon the Plot's diſplay'd.
The Tyrant long may rule, but ne'er can gain
His Subjects Love; But muſt their true Diſdain.

Tyrannick ſway
May force t' obey;
But Men will ne'er ſubmit

To yield Eſteem,

When Objects ſeem

For *ſuch* Reſpect unfit. —

Virtue.

WHERE e'er fair Virtue lifts *her* hallow'd head,
And gains an influence Mankind's ſteps to lead,
There genuine Bliſs encreaſes ev'ry day,
And heart-felt Joy ſubſiſts till life's decay.
What e'er misfortunes outwardly befall,
A guiltleſs Conſcience makes their ſting but ſmall;
No baſe Accuſers e'er have pow'r to wound,
No vile Impeachments can the ſoul confound.
The craft of Envy, and the ſnares of Vice,
Alike contend in vain the mind t' entice,
That Virtue chuſes for *its* conſtant Guide;
For Virtue e'er will ſet *vile* ſchemes aſide.

In bliſsful Peace the tranſient Moments paſs,
And Life quite unperciev'd conſumes its Glaſs.
When Fate intrudes, and Death's approach proclaims,
No ſad retroſpect on Miſconduct ſhames;
But chearful Innocence compos'd appears,
And Life reſigns without reluctıng tears,
Her promis'd Recompence diſpels all *fruitleſs* Fears.

Where Virtue ſmiles,
No fear beguiles;
The ſweets of Life are pure;
But ſchemes of Vice, *howe'er* they pleaſe,
Can ne'er produce true *heart-felt* Eaſe,
Nor can they *long* endure. —

Unanimity.

WHATEVER troubles outwardly oppreſs,
The bonds of Friendſhip check their great Exceſs.
A ſocial Union brightens all our joys,
Dull grief diſſolves, and ſad deſpair deſtroys.
When each fond Friend, to ſooth a Brother's heart,
Shares in *his* woes, and ſtrives ſoft eaſe t' impart,
In mutual Sympathy each care ſubſides,
And fond Compaſſion ev'ry thought divides;
No painful conflicts long intrude *his* Peace,
Their force divided ſoon muſt needs decreaſe;
No diſcontent long racks *his* heaving breaſt,
Nor dull diſquietudes *his* mind moleſt.

The voice of envy, and the ſland'rous tongue,
And even Flatt'ry's ſoft alluring ſong,
In vain attempt t' exiſt *where* Friendſhip lives.
A bliſsful Union ev'ry pleaſure gives,
Where naught but Peace, and pureſt Truth prevail,
And ſchemes deluſive e'er *in vain* aſſails.
Where Unanimity and Truth abound,
Not all the plagues of life can e'er confound;
But Peace, and Concord fill the happy round.

When Men unite
In Love and Might,
No taſk in Life *too* arduous ſeems;
Extended joy
Can never cloy;

Divided

Divided grief,

Soon finds relief;

Where Union lives, *there's* no Extremes.

Wealth.

WEALTH, when apply'd to *proper* uſe,
And not conſum'd in things profuſe,
Has Pow'r the human mind to bleſs,
With all terreſtrial Happineſs;
But when *it* takes a *diff'rent* courſe,
In Life's unknown a greater curſe.
Who e'er to Wealth devotion pays,
And vain anxiety diplays,
His craving wiſh e'er longs for more,
Though great Abundance ſwells *his* ſtore;
Nor peace, nor reſt, *his* mind relieve,
Nor can the pow'rs of Fortune give

A moment's quiet to *his* Soul;
His ſateleſs Thirſt knows no controul.
But *when*, to cure, or ſooth Diſtreſs,
Where e'er misfortunes griev'ous preſs,
Riches *their* fertile pow'rs extend,
And ſtrive the needy to befriend,
Poſſeſſion, *then*, enriches Life,
And ſhields the breaſt from Want or Strife.

When true Benevolence the mind employs,
Each hour revolving, yields it recent joys;
The good Intent, all thoughts of Loſs, or Gain, deſtroys.

The *Great* are *poor*
Who covet *more*,
How e'er *their* Wealth extends;

Riches exiſt, but in *their* Uſe,

And Pain, as oft' as Bliſs produce,

For all on *Uſe* depends. ——

Youth.

IN Youth, the gay ſeaſon of life,
The Paſſions all ſportive appear;
All pleaſures are equally rife,
That folly, or fancy endear.
No ſullen Reflections are felt,
Reaſon's dull dictates are *vain*;
Nor Precept, nor Menace can melt,
Or ſoften the callous *young* brain:
In Pleaſures deſpotic to range,
With obſtinate ardour *it* ſtrives;
No ſchemes can the Paſſions eſtrange,
Till ſerious Manhood arrives.

In Youth, indeed, *ſome* there may be,
Whoſe Tempers more *pliable* ſeem;
But even, in *ſuch*, we may ſee,
For *Folly* a lurking Eſteem.
Some with more *Art*, are poſſeſs'd,
Their Follies to veil from Mankind,
But none (*e'en the pureſt*) are bleſs'd
With a *pure*, or *undefil'd* Mind.
But ſoon as the Seaſon of Youth
Elapſes, and Manhood appears;
Fair Reaſon is courted with truth,
And Folly no more interferes;
Except with thoſe, whoſe hearts by Vice are ſteel'd,
And *ſuch*, to Vice, through *ev'ry* Clime, will yield.

In

In Youth we live
Unfraught with care
Nor fear nor apprehenſion know;
Our thoughts we give,
Where pleaſures glare,
But thoughts on *Foreſight* ne'er beſtow,
Till Years our Follies diſallow.

* * *
* *
*

Zeal.

WHEN Zeal th' aſcendant of the Paſſions gains,
Her rigid Influence e'er intrepid ſways,
And ſcorns to hear a mediatorial voice;
With unremitting energy, *ſhe* plys
Her ſanguine ſtrife, 'till vanquiſh'd Conſcience turns,
Or falls a victim, at her vengeful ſhrine:
No reas'ning plea a fair digeſtion finds,
Or in the leaſt allays *her* ranc'rous thirſt,
When *diff'rent* ſentiments *her* Realm oppoſe.
The pow'rs of Art all *impotent* appear,
Howe'er deluſive be the ſly intent
T' allure, or turn the Bigot's ſtedfaſt thoughts;

E'er tenaceous of *his* internal Will,

Each fleeting moment with freſh ſpleen inſpires,

Againſt th' Apoſtate's, or Invader's life.

Racks, Halter, Stripes, in vain *their* pains inflict

To fright the Bigot, or avert *his* Zeal;

His firm fix'd Hope, howe'er abſurd *his* Faith,

Unſhaken lives: *His* partial Confidence

Defies Depreſſion, and in Conflict boaſts;

Nor deigns to ſhrink, or to Perſwaſion yield,

While Zeal's *his* Banner, or while Faith's *his* Shield.

Well grounded Zeal

Is publick weal,

When kept within *its* bounds;

But nothing more true weakneſs ſhows,

Than *Superſtition*, where *it* grows.

For right with wrong *it* e'er confounds. ——

Reflections,

Reſulting from an Evening's Walk.

The works of Nature ſhow th' Almighty pow'r
That gave *them* Birth, and ſtill *their* ſtate preſerves:
His Will deſpotick o'er each World preſides,
And homage claims; Creation owns the debt,
And, in *her* Offspring, blends the grateful thought.

THE Care, and Toil of the ſultry Day being elaps'd, and Phœbus having aſſum'd his crimſon Veſture, preparatory for his Retreat from the Elementary Orb, a ſerious Turn of Mind induc'd me to roam into the ſecret Windings of a Neighbouring Copſe. A fervent Glow of

Meditation

Meditation immediately diſpel'd all ſecular Thoughts, unravel'd the Cloſet of Sentiment, and elevated my Reaſon into the ſoaring Ideas of Contemplation, and Reflection. The unſullied, and azure Serenity of the Ætherial Canopy, the ſpangled Enamel of the Terreſtrial Carpet, and the agreeable Verdure of the Shrubs, were the only circumambient Objects that attracted my Attention, and combin'd to inſpire me with a juſt Reverence for their Creator's Beneficence. Every thing in View aſſum'd an exhilerating Aſpect, and abounded profuſely in the moſt pleaſing Variety. The Buſtle of Life was too remote to alarm me with its Din, or to divert my Thoughts from a more refined Theme. Nothing indeed interpos'd to interrupt the Pauſe of Solitude, and Retirement, but the vocal Thrills of the warbl'ng Choir, chanting Adoration in continual Chorus; And which were equally aſſiduous to unfurl the Beauties

of

of their chequer'd Plumage, and ſeem'd to expreſs Joy in contributing to my Entertainment. Alas! how vain, and void of his intended Characteriſtick is Man! to admit the ſordid Cares of a venal World to encroach his Reaſon, and riſle his Peace, and to ſpurn the Allurements of ſuch an effectual Reſtorative, where the hideous Jargon of tumultuous Noiſe is ſooth'd by the Melody of Cœleſtial Sonnets! How much preferable is the fragrant Breeze in this balmy Receſs, to all the artificial Odours of pamper'd Extravagance, which Ambition falſely terms Luxury! Luxury implies the Fulneſs of Enjoyment, or Pleaſure; Therefore theſe Sweets alone are luxurious, which are not innately productive of Pain; The other are no more than the fickle Flaſhes of tranſitory Pleaſures, or imaginary Refinements, and their purſuing Votaries chaſe only a Shadow, while they loſe the real Subſtance.

Such

Such is the abſurd Weakneſs of the bigotted Adept to ſenſual Delights.

What is all the Splendor, and gorgeous Parade of Pageantry, when compar'd with the Foliage of the vernal Bloom! What are all the Dainties of the moſt laviſh Compoſitions, though adapted to the Palate of the moſt refined Epicure, when compared with the Produce of this fertile Mould! The ſenſual Inventions of Man, when compared with the Benignities of his beneficent Creator, appear but as Emblems of his Frailty, and Degeneracy. As I rang'd along, thus muſing on the Bounties of a propitious Providence, and the conſtant Abuſe made of them, I was particularly ſtruck with the Occurrence of the Term *Infidelity*, *its Meaning* and *Origin*.

What peculiar Signification, thought I to myſelf, is to be deriv'd from the Term *Infidelity*? Does *it* imply *Un-*

 belief,

belief, or *Miſbelief?* Surely *it* cannot, either being incongruous with the Faculty of human Reaſon. Can *it* then ſignify an abſolute Deficiency of *Sentiment* or *Capacity* in Man? This cannot be, both being originally inculcated and inſtill'd in the very Conſtruction of our Frames by Omnipotence himſelf, "*who made them, and ſaw that they were good.*" Muſt *it* then mean an *obſtinate*, and *rebellious Principle* in the Mind of Man, which reigns ſo far predominant, as to impel *him* to

"*— Hurl Defiance againſt the Vault of Heaven?*"

Alas! the ſullen Source of ſtrict Inveſtigation too ſoon reveals the ſordid Myſtery, and almoſt converts my Partiality into Prejudice! The very Apprehenſion almoſt allays the Ardour of farther Enquiry. But can human Reaſon ſo far degenerate, as to deny a ſuperior and primary Power, or that there is an eſſential Difference be-

tween

tween Cauſes, and their Effects? Was the ſolid Baſis of this ſpherical Syſtem ſpontaneouſly form'd by Chance, or Accident, endued with the inſeperable Properties of Form, and Diſtinction, and primarily inveſted with Motion? Was the promiſcuous Chaos, and Maze of Matter innately its own Conſtructor? It cannot be! Futile is the Conception! Whatever was, and is, had a Beginning, and, at the great Creator's Command, will diſſolve,

" And like the baſeleſs Fabrick of a Viſion,
" Leave not a Wreck behind."

The ſame Power that caus'd the original Conſtruction, muſt be equally capable to effect the final Diſſolution. Who then can be an Unbeliever or Miſbeliever!—

The various objects which amuſe our ſight,
Proclaim the greatneſs of their Maſter's Might;

In ev'ry Shape, a pow'r ſupreme we ſee,
'Tis ſtrange indeed! there ſhou'd an Atheiſt be.—

The World's a Stage.

THE World's a Stage, where every Being acts
In diff'rent taſte, and ſomething new compacts.
Life's chequer'd ſcenes keep changing ev'ry day,
Each tranſient hour affords a recent Play,
Of modern ſtile, the Plan entirely new,
Bad Actors *plenty*, good ones but *a few*.
The good loſe merit, where the bad abound,
As noiſe tumultuous drowns the ſofteſt ſound.
Search thro' this vaſt Expanſe, you'll ſeldom find
Thoſe, who to Truth, and Honour are inclin'd;
For Parts, like *theſe*, require the ſtricteſt care,
And *thoſe* more common often better fare.

Deceit

Deceit, and Knav'ry reap moſt ample gain,
While honeſt Virtue ſweats her brow in vain.
Integrity's grown out of date, and ſcarce,
The *Play* of *Life* is *now* become a *Farce;*
'Tis learnt ſo well, no need for Prompter's Aid
The *ſubtle* Parts *too* perfectly are play'd.
Compliment, and Flatt'ry are th' only Taſte,
To play plain Truth, is ſo much Time to waſte.
Honour's a drudge amongſt the *lower ſort,*
Such Home-ſpun ſtuff is quite deſpis'd at C - - - t;
'Tis ſometimes nam'd; but *Faſhion* always rules,
And honeſt Men appear, but ſimple Fools. ——

On a Flower Border.

IN bright effulgence, ſee, each gaudy Flow'r
Its foliage ſpreads, and blooms its deſtin'd hour;
Though grand their robes, yet they "*ne'er ſpin nor toil,*"
But reap their grandeur from their Parent-Soil.
Inherent beauty lurks in ev'ry root,
And yields its bud to each progreſſive ſhoot;
The branch obedient to the genial rays,
Their warmth inhales, and all its pride diſplays.
Awhile the pleaſing bloom delights our eyes,
But ſoon *it* fades, and proves how Beauty dies;
Juſt like the Features of the faireſt Face,
When Age draws on, their Luſtre dims apace.

The bridal Wish.

MAY the Nymph, whom I wed,
By fair Virtue be led,
Her Temper obliging and kind;
May not Fancy nor Pride,
E'er fix Folly her Guide,
But Prudence e'er rule in her Mind!

Where e'er ſhe ſees Grief,
May her Aim be Relief,
Where e'er ſhe finds Joy, may ſhe ſmile;
May the Tricks of the Times,
And the Faſhions of Climes
Be too feeble her Senſe to beguile!

Through

Through a Series of Years,

May ſhe never ſhed Tears,

Except, when ſoft Sympathy bids,

May ſhe never refuſe,

But in ſuch a Caſe chuſe,

With Compaſſion to fully her Lids!

May Misfortunes ne'er preſs,

Nor Afflictions diſtreſs,

But pure Health, Contentment, and Eaſe;

All in Unity blend,

And her Comfort befriend;

Thus bleſs'd, may *her* Care be to pleaſe. —

The Tea Table.

ALL bounteous Nature, bent on human eaſe,
Contrives, each moment, ſomething *new* to pleaſe;
No gloomy periods need depreſs the mind,
No weary thoughts the flighty fancy bind.
While fleeting Time revolves this motley Sphere,
Stale ſubjects ſink, and freſh ones ſtill appear;
Why *then* complain, that ev'ry day's the ſame,
And call the tales of life a cloying theme?
The day's not known, in which no *News* tranſpir'd,
Since *Tea* at *Noon* has been ſo much admir'd.
No ſooner Phœbus ſpreads his crimſon veſt
Than caught the ſignal, and the *Ladies* dreſs'd.

The happy criſis now moſt welcome comes;
When all the *prudiſh Train* awhile ſhift Homes,
For nobler Scenes, at leaſt of far more Bliſs;
To drink their *Tea*, and cenſure what's amiſs;
To ſit with Friends, ſpout Lies, or play at Cards,
Where Truth, nor Neighbour's Ruin their Sport retards.
What Pleaſure 'tis, to ſpeak whate'er we pleaſe,
Or *right*, or *wrong* t'invent, and think at Eaſe!
— Let ſottiſh Hero's boaſt the power of wine,
And o'er the glaſs, their horny ſculls incline;
Let puzzling Pedants o'er dry Authors dream,
And vainly ſtrive t'acquire the learned ſcheme;
Let Poets ſpit their ſpite in gingling Rhyme,
And teaſe their fingers, 'till their Numbers chime;
Let bluſt'ring Bullies banter, bounce, and brawl,
Beat, batter, bruiſe, blaſt, backbite and becall,
Still *Tea's* the Tyrant, which o'er pow'rs them all.

The *potent Fluid* fires the female Breaſt,
With ſov'reign proweſs o'er both Man and Beaſt;
No living creature can *its* ſpleen eſcape,
Nay e'en the Dead *ſometimes* are in the Scrape.
No deed ſo ſecret, but *it* brings about,
And even things, ne'er thought of, oft' finds out.
Thoughts, Looks, Words, Deeds, or *neither*, 'tis the ſame,
It fathoms *all*, adds new, and brings to Shame.
The guiltleſs, guilty, the rich, poor, and great,
All, all conſpire, to make the Tale compleat.
Reſtraint's unknown, and Truth but ſeldom ſought,
Scandal's the Topick, *Tea* has ever taught.
Youth, Beauty, Age, Pride, Poverty or Wealth,
Are *all* diſcuſs'd on; All lug'd in by *Stealth*.
No Cuſtom, Paſſion, Mode, or Faſhion's free,
Profeſſion, Trade, or even *Quality*.

But

But all *by Turns* a Part of *Scandal* ſhare,
However *vile* they live, however *fair*,
'Tis ſtill the ſame; Deſpotic reigns the *Tongue*,
And *thoſe* who 're fond of *News* muſt cenſure, *right*, or
[*wrong*.

On the Heart.

ALAS! what's Man without his Heart!
A Thing diveſted of the Part,
Which alone, his Exiſtence gives,
The Loſs of which not one ſurvives.
The Heart is ſoft Affection's Spring,
Nature pendant on mortal String;
The Source of Pleaſure, Grief, and Pain,
Diſtributes *thence* to ev'ry Vein:
The Pendulum of Life's true Clock,
Its Motion ſtop'd the Works all block,
Till Time decays the frail Machine,
And Death deſtroys the worthleſs Scene.
The vital Hand no more revolves,
The Frame to Mother-Earth diſſolves. —

Winter.

WHEN Winter's grimly face appears,
And Leaves diſdain the Trees;
No beauteous Bloom the Sight endears,
But ſhuns the frigid Breeze.

The fleecy Mantle veils the ground,
And turns all Verdure pale;
A dreary Gloom it ſheds around,
O'er Hill, and fertile Vale.

The grateful Soil with-holds its Pow'r,
And glazes o'er its Head;
To ſhelter from the ſearching Show'r,
The Bud within its Bed.

The lowing Herd, and bleating Flock
Their nat'ral Paſture loſe;
Are forc'd to feed on wither'd Stock,
The only Food to chuſe.
The cutting Sleet, and piercing Wind,
Make Man and Beaſt retire;
For Shelter, Beaſt their Stables find,
" Man crowds the chearful Fire."

On Chriſtmas Day.

ALL hail! thou ſacred, moſt auſpicious Morn,
Whoſe glorious dawn reveal'd Man's Saviour born!
Thy balmy * Dew exhal'd from Mercy's ſtream,
The Curſe diſſolv'd, and made the Tale, a Dream,
Of Sin primœval, or Man's fallen ſtate,
And gave to human Bliſs immortal date.
Thy bleſt returns ſhall meet moſt grateful Praiſe,
And pious raptures ev'ry Soul ſhall raiſe;
From Sphere to Sphere ſhall hallow'd echoes ring,
In Thanks unfeign'd ſhall *Man* inceſſant ſing,
And bleſs the Birth of Chriſt, *his Saviour*, *God*, and *King*.

* Psalm, 110th, V. 3d. "The Dew of thy Birth is of the Womb of the Morning."

On Eaſter Day.

RISE, riſe ye Sons of Glory riſe,
With joyful Praiſe ſalute the Skies,
Where dwells the *moſt Sublime*;
Who griev'd ſo much at *Mankind's* Loſs,
He ſent his Son to bear the Croſs,
And expiate *their Crime*:
With equal Love of Man poſſeſs'd,
The Son endur'd his Fate;
Tho' guiltleſs curſt, yet all be bleſs'd,
And pray'd Man's happier State.
Not e'en the pungent Pow'r of Pain
(Tho' Thorns encircled Pierc'd his Brain,

And Nails his Hands and Feet,)
Cou'd make him once the Taſk deplore;
For all with Conſtancy he bore,
Tho' Blood he dropt in Sweat!
When Nature all her Pow'rs had ſpent,
And Malice paid her Might,
The whole Earth trembled, Rocks were rent,
E'en Day was turn'd to Night!

So great the Conflict, *Death* e'en dy'd!
And *Chriſt* o'er *Life* doth *now* preſide
Whom Men are bound t' obey;
"His Yoke is eaſy — Burden light"
His Precepts *all* with Love invite
And Reaſon e'er diſplay.
To *me*, he cries ye troubled come,
Here's Balm for ev'ry Grief!

"With *me* ſhall be your bliſsful Home
"Give me but *your Belief.*"

Three Days he lay in hallow'd Sleep,
While *ſome*, thro' feeble Faith, did weep,
And mourn (they thought) his End;
But how tranſported muſt they be,
When *their Saviour* they did ſee
Pow'rs of Death tranſcend!
Three Days elaps'd, from Sleep he roſe
To deck the Heavenly Throne,
The Cherubs chanting, at each Cloſe,
"Bleſt Trinity in one."

Then riſe, ye Sons of Glory riſe,
Extoll your Praiſes to the Skies,
And hail, *Great God* above!

Unfeign'd

Unfeign'd Congratulation pay,
In ſacred Honour to *the Day*,
When *Chriſt* did *hence* remove.
Bleſt be *the Day*, thrice happy *Day*
Let ev'ry Voice reſound;
Let Earth with Hallelujahs ring,
Bleſt be *Chriſt* our *God* and *King*,
He hath riſen to ſhew the Way,
Where pureſt Joys abound. —

Epitaph on a Lady deceas'd.

BENEATH inter'd, amidſt the mould'ring Heap
Of human Wrecks, the Food which Vermin reap,
Lies *her* whoſe Life was by pure Virtue ſway'd,
In Hopes, thro' Death, to be with Life repaid;
With Life eternal, where true Bliſs abounds,
Where Death ne'er foils, nor hapleſs Fate confounds.
In Peace *ſhe* liv'd, the Paths of Virtue trod,
Mankind *ſhe* lov'd, ador'd, and fear'd *her* God,
Her Faith maintain'd, 'till Fate produc'd her End;
Her Pattern all may copy, but not one can mend. —

On the Death of a Friend.

ALL melancholy Muſe! with ſadneſs fraught,
By adverſe Fate in mournful Sorrow taught,
At thy dull Shrine I proſtrate ev'ry Grief,
And ſeek thro' thee to give my Mind Relief.
No flighty Thought, I beg t' aſſiſt my Rhyme,
Nor heed how gloomy, ſo my Numbers chime.
Gratitude, in Mem'ry to the beſt of Friends,
Who, while he liv'd, wou'd ne'er be made amends,
Whoſe gen'rous Soul Requital e'er refus'd,
And ev'n if profer'd, thought himſelf abus'd,
Stipulates the Tribute t' his Mem'ry due,
— The beſt of Praiſes which to Worth accrue.

Such

Such *then* the Purport of my plaintive Stile,
Let no fond Fiction dare my Verſe beguile;
Tho' kind Reluctance guide my weeping Quill,
And Loſs of Friend the tend'reſt Thought inſtill,
Let rigid Truth preſide o'er ev'ry Aim,
And Juſtice dictate what his Merits claim.
Such were the Virtues which his Life adorn'd,
The baſe Reverſe his honeſt Heart e'er ſcorn'd;
A lib'ral Sentiment his Soul inſpir'd,
Virtue he lov'd, Integrity admir'd;
What e'er he was, the ſame he ſtrove t' appear,
Faithful to his Word, to his Friend ſincere;
Deceit ne'er found a Refuge in his Breaſt,
His Actions *all* with Honour ſtood the Teſt
A tedious While; For ſo our Time appears,
Whene'er like him, in Pain we ſpend our Years.

Full

Full many a Date, with Sickneſs ſore oppreſs'd,
He liv'd, and languiſh'd; Yet ne'er diſpoſſeſs'd
Of Patience, did his God-like Soul e'er pine,
But bore Affliction with a Mind *divine*.

Tho' preſs'd by Pain, a *ſocial* Life he ſpent,
Happy to make happy, or others Joys augment:
Foe to Injuſtice, to the wrong'd a Friend,
Proud to do good, too placid to offend;
Loving and belov'd, ambitious all to pleaſe,
Kindly ſtriving ev'ry Grief t' appeaſe.

If ſuch his Virtues while he kept his Breath,
Sure tenfold Praiſe t' his Mem'ry's due, in Death!
Start then my Muſe, the Tribute's thine to pay,
And Gratitude tells thee, thou ſhalt obey,
A Gen'rous Act ſome grateful Turn muſt claim,
When Pow'r's deficient, then be Thanks our Aim.

While mortal Praiſe exhauſts her true Regard,
May Bliſs eternal wait his laſt Reward!

Wit defin'd.

A Quick Idea, a Mind uncurb'd by care,
A Genius prompt, of no rebuke aware;
A lively Spirit big with ripen'd Thought,
A Face with Courage, and Expreſſion fraught;
A taſte for Satyr with Politeneſs join'd,
A Heart e'er open, gen'rous free and kind;
An Inſight keen to Manners, Words and Men,
A Judgement nice, both how to ſpeak, and when;
A Mem'ry ſound, retentive, clear and free,
Prone to reply whene'er Appeals decree;
When ſuch Ingredients in one Soul unite,
Senſe blends the Compound, which true Wit we write.

The Fate of a Modern Poet.

WHO e'er presumes in Rhyme to think,
And dares to stain his Thoughts with Ink,
Is, by the Multitude of Men,
Suppos'd to know, both how and when,
This Matter's wrong, or that is right,
And point the same in cleareſt Light:
Of Men, and Manners too, t'have Knowlege,
Whether or not, he's smelt a College;
Nor shou'd the Pow'rs of Wealth, or State,
The leaſt Diſtinction e'er create,
But Vice, or Virtue, great or small,
(His Muſe not being too perſonal)

Alike ſhou'd ſtimulate his Skill
With gen'rous Thoughts to load his Quill;
To laſh with Satyr ſordid Vice,
And Virtue give its greateſt Price;
By no ſelf Int'reſt ſway'd to ſkreen,
Or fired thro' Prejudice with Spleen,
But e'er impartial, prone to write
Whatever Truth, and Wit indite.
Such ſhou'd characterize the Man,
Who dares in *Rhyme* to form his Plan;
For like a Kite 'midſt ſmaller Fowl,
Or Sparrows pecking at an Owl,
So is a Poem 'mongſt Mankind,
All are contending Faults to find.
For tho' it may *one* Party pleaſe,
Others its ſure as much to teaſe;

And ſhou'd it be with Blunders cram'd
By *all* 'twill certainly be damn'd;
Or ſhou'd it hap'ly be quite pure,
Some, ev'n it Merit's won't endure.
Thus on every Side beſet,
Juſt like a Wretch o'er head in Debt,
Watch'd by the Bailiff's wary Eye,
Left from his cruel Claws he fly;
So lies the Poet's tortur'd Wit,
For ev'ry Fool, his Spite to ſpit,
Or, at his Option, to Commend;
But fifty Foes, for one poor Friend!

An O D E.

1778.

WHILE Diſcord's ſounding from afar,
And neighb'ring Climes reecho War,
The common Cauſe ſhou'd be, ſuch Ill t' appeaſe:
While Friends, 'gainſt Friends wage hateful Strife,
And Brothers luſt for Brothers Life,
Sure none but ſenſeleſs Souls can baſk in Eaſe!

Strange, and unnat'ral is their Guilt
Whoe'er thro' Pique, or Pride have ſpilt,
Or caus'd th' Effuſion of their kindred Blood;
Or e'en ſhou'd Int'reſt plead th' Excuſe,
Vengeance waits the groſs Abuſe,
For ſuch like Crimes diſgrace a Savage Brood.

States

States, and Pow'rs in vain contend,
T' aſſert their Rights, or Laws defend,
While Men, with *venal* Views, have th' Art to ſway;
Whatever Way *their* Int'reſt leans,
Their Minds muſt bend t' increaſe *their* Means,
And *publick Weal* to *private Wealth* give Way.

Thus, *real Friends* are oft' deceiv'd,
And *Foes* too frequent *Friends* believ'd,
While ev'ry Effort has its *purchas'd* Fate;
And Men, for Proweſs *ever* fam'd,
Are foil'd, and by their Country blam'd,
Whilſt few *indeed* the Cauſe can penetrate.

O Liberty! that thy bleſt Name
Shou'd turn baſe Proſtitue to Shame,
And breed that curſed Harlot *vain Miſtake;*

'Tis

'Tis horrid Sacrifice to be
Victims t' abſolute Monarchy!
The Thought's enough each Briton's Heart to break.

O rueful Date! what News *thou* boaſts,
Of vanquiſh'd Heroes — plunder'd Coaſts!
Of Fire, and Sword, wide waſting Men, and Store!
Of conq'ring Armies, retrograde!
Of high Command turn'd *Dupe* to Trade!
Of Flags of Truce being plunder'd! wreck'd on Shore!

Horrid Annals for britiſh Note!
Shall *Sev'nty-nine* no better quote?
Is fam'd Britannia rob'd of all her Sons?
— *Still* Drops of britiſh Blood remain,
Sufficient *yet* t' eraſe the Stain,
To gripe *Monſieur*, and check the *treach'rous Dons*.

Then ev'ry Clime *again* ſhall pay
Reſpect to Britain's pow'rful Sway,
And own Britannia Goddeſs of the Main;
Britons with Britons ſhall unite,
And each with *Joy* ſubſcribe his Mite
To aid *his Sov'reign*, and *his* Rights maintain.

Pure Peace at Home ſhall *then* abound,
No more ſhall foreign Conteſt wound,
But *all* in perfect Harmony ſhall blend;
Commerce *again* extoll her Head,
The poor have Toil, and conſtant Bread,
And Law, and Virtue flouriſh without End.

While Law, and Reaſon join in Sway,
Religion, Peace, and Wealth diſplay
Men's Approbation, and the good Effects;

(Tho' rul'd) each *Subject* lives ſecure,
No Tyrant dare *his* Life demand;
If, from atrocious Crimes, he's pure,
Safety's in *his* Sov'reign's Hand,
Which ſhields *his* Faith, and Property protects.

Thoſe who quarrel with wholeſome Laws
Wou'd quarrel, tho' it were for *Straws*,
But hence Diſſention! Britons *ſtill* are Friends;

'Tis true, *their* Schemes don't *all* agree,
But ſoon *their* Foes ſhall plainly ſee,
Their Hearts unite; *Their* Wrongs ſhall gain amends.

Woman.

'MIDST all the Creatures of the Animal Syſtem, Woman exalts herſelf with ſuperior Elegance and Beauty. The brilliant Beams from her Eyes tranſcend the Radiance of the Meridian Sun, and enchant with their Luſtre the Inſpection of their Admirers. The agreeable Symmetry of her Features, and the endearing Smiles of her Countenance, are the true Emblems of human Perfection, and ſeem calculated to ſooth the moſt morose Being. Her pleaſing Voice is the Melody of Concord, and her Accent rivals even the ſweeteſt Thrills of the tuneful * Philomela. Her lovely Lips caſt forth a Savour

* Philomela, — A Nightingale.

vour more ſalubrious than Arabian Perfume, or the ſerene Morning Breeze. Her delicate Hand charms the Eye with Delight, and the whole Structure of her Frame appears, as a Mirror of the fondeſt Conception, abſolutely realiz'd into Being. Her angelick Preſence pierces with the fervent Inſpiration of Love, and excites the Fondneſs of Admiration, even in the moſt obdurate Heart. In ſhort ſhe may with Propriety be ſtiled the Sov'reign of Beauty; The Empreſs of Affection; The Fountain of Love; And the chief Proprietor of Terreſtrial Bliſs.

The

Spring.

DULL Winter's dreary Shades are flown,
The Spring with Verdure decks the Fields;
The fragrant Primrose now has blown,
The tow'ring Lark t' Aurora yields.

The Swallow leaves her fond Retreat,
And hither wings her wary Flight;
The lively Lambkins leap, and bleat,
And give their loit'ring Dams Delight.

The Birds in Flocks no longer fly,
Or wanton round the Country roam;
But fondly pair, and daily ply
Their mutual Skill to build a Home.

The

The vernal Zephyrs Fragrance breathe,
The buſy Bee no longer ſleeps;
But wanders for his waxen Wreath,
And ſtraitly homeward loaded creeps.

The cryſtal Riv'let's gliding Streams,
Their fly Inhabitants betray;
Who oft' aſpire t' attend the Gleams,
And fondly look the Flies of May.

Nor leſs attentive ſtarts their Foe,
To lurk behind ſome ſhady Buſh;
And thence unſeen his Line to throw,
Or ſudden with his Net to ruſh.

The Farmer now replete with Glee
No longer loiters o'er his Ground;

But

But ſtarts to toil, or give Decree,

To plow, or ſow, manure, or mound.

The genial Seaſon Nature wakes,
And ev'ry Soul with Rapture fills;

All gloomy Thought the Mind forſakes,

Freſh Life, and Spirits, Spring inſtills.

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